# ODCOMBS *Complaint:*

OR

*CORIATS* funerall Epicedium:

*or Death-ſong, vpon his late re-*

ported drowning.

WITH

*His Epitaph in the* Barmuda, *and*

*Vtopian* tongues.

*And tranſlated into Engliſh by*

IOHN TAYLOR.

Printed for merrie recreation, and

are to be ſold at the ſalutation in

*Vtopia.* 1613.

BRITISH MUSEUM

# *The Authour in his owne defence.*

IF any where my lines do fall out lame,
I made them ſo, in merriment and game:
For, be they wide, or ſide, or long, or ſhort,
All's one to me, I writ them but in ſport;
Yet I would haue the Reader thus much know
That when I liſt my ſimple skill to ſhow
In poeſie, I could both read and ſpell:
I know my Dactils, and my Spondees well;
My true proportion, & my equal meaſure, (ſur
What accent muſt bee ſhort, and what at lea-
How to tranſpoſe my words frō place, to plac
To giue my poeſie the greater grace.
Either in Paſtorall or Comick ſtraine,
In Tragedy, or any other vaine,

n nipping Satyrs, or in Epigrams,
n Odes, in Elegies, or Anagrams,
n eare-bewitching rare Hexameters,
r in Iambicks, or Pentameters:
know theſe like a Sculler not a Scholler,
nd therfore Poet, pray aſſwage your coller.
f as a theefe in writing you enuy me,
efore you iudge me do your worſt and try me.

I. T.

# To the Mirror of Time, the moſt refulgent, ſplendidious reflecting *Court Animal, Don Archibald Armſtrong*: Great M. Comptroller, Commander, and *Countermander of mirth, alacrity, ſport, and ridiculous confabulations, in this ſeptentrionall, or* Weſterne Monarchie of *Magna Britannia.* Your poore and daily Orator, IOHN TAILOR, wiſheth increaſe of your wiſdome, in your owne perſon, and that your eminence and ſpirit, may be infuſed into the boſoms of moſt mens heires, that eſteem more of Wealth, then of WISDOME.

RIght worthie worthleſſe Patron, the daies and times being ſuch, wherein wit goes a woolgathering in a thredbare Iacket, and folly is well reputed amongſt thoſe that ſeeme wiſe, I, conſidering this, hauing but little wit, in a mad humour bad farewell it, and neuer ſo much as asked the

queſtion, wit whether wilt thou ? Being certainly perſwaded that playing the foole will repaire the breaches which my vnhappy wit hath made in the Bulwarke of my reputation (as it hath done to many others) wherefore good ſir (with) reuerence I hearing that ſo great a member in your eſteemed quality, as Mr. *Thomas Coriat* of Odcomb, was drowned in his paſſage towards Conſtantinople; And knowing that many good & worthy writers haue graced his liuing trauels : So I haue made bold (vnder your great Patronage) to write his tragicall ſuppoſed *Death-ſong*, or *Funerall Elegie*; not knowing any man of that worthy worth (beſides your ſelfe) to whom I might dedicate theſe ſad *Epicediums*. Thus, not doubting of your acceptance and protection, I commit my ſelfe and my labours to your wonderfull wiſedomes cenſure, alwayes hauing a poore Muſe to trauell in your ſeruice.

*Iohn Taylor.*

# To the Gentlemen Readers, that vnderſtand A. B. from a Battledore.

NO ſooner newes of Coriats death was com,
But with the ſame, my Muſe was ſtrooken dom:
For whileſt he liued he was my Muſes ſubiect
Her onely life, and ſence ſole pleaſing obiect.
Odcombian, Græcian, Latine, Great Thom Aſſe
He being dead, what life hath ſhe alaſſe.
But yet I hope his death was falſe Report,
Or elſe twas rumord to beget ſome ſport:
To try how his deare friends would take his death
And what rare Epicediums they would make,
T' accompany his all-lamented Herſe,
In hobling iobling, rumbling tumbling verſe
Some ſmooth ſome harſhe, ſome ſhorter, and ſome long:
As ſweete Melodious as Madg Howlets ſong:
But, when I ſaw that no man tooke in hand
To make the world his worth to vnderſtand,

Then

*T'am vp I buſſled from Oblivions den,*
*And of a Ganders quill I made a pen,*
*With which I wrote this following worke of woe*
*(Not caring much if he be dead or no:)*
*For, who lſt his body did containe a life,*
*The rareſt wits were at continuall ſtrife,*
*Who ſhould exceed each other in his glory,*
*But none but I haue writ His Tragick ſtory.*
*If he be dead then farewell he: if not,*
*At his returne, his thankes ſhal be thy lot,*
*Meane time my muſe doth like an humble Pleader*
*Intreat acceptance of the gentle Reader.*

Remaining yours euer,

IOHN TAILOR.

A ſad, ioyfull, lamentable, delightfull *merry-go-ſorry Elegie or Funerall Poem* vpon the ſuppoſed death of the famous *Coſmographicall ſuruetor, & Hiſtorio*-graphical Relator *M Thomas Coriat of Odcomb.*

O For a rope of *Onions* from Saint *Omers*,
And for the Muſe of golden tongued *Homere*
That I might write and weep, and weep and write,
*Odcombian Coriats* timeles laſt good-night
Owere my wit inſpird with Scoggins vaine,
Or that *Wil Summers Ghoſt* had ſeaſd my braine,
Or *Tarlton, Lanum, Singer, Kempe*, and *Poſe*,
O ſhe that danc't and tumbled on the rope,
Or Tilting *Archy*, that ſo brauely ran,
Againſt *Don Phœbs* knight, that wordy man.
O all you crew, in ſide py de couloured garments,
Aſſiſt me to the heigth of your preferments:

And

And with your wits and ſpirits inſpire my pate ful.
That I in *Coriats* praiſe be not ingratefull,
If euer age lamented loſſe of folly
If euer man had cauſe of Melancholly.
Then now's the time to waile his ruthles wracke,
And weepe in teares of *Claret* and of *Sack*.

---

AND now, according to my weake inuention,
His wondrous worthles worthines ile mentiō
Yet to deſcribe him as he is, or was,
The wit of Men or Monſters would ſurpaſſe
His head was a large powdring tub of phraſes,
Whēce men wold pick delights, as boies pick daiſes
O head, no head, but blockhouſe of feirce wars,
Where wit and learning were at daily Iars
Who ſhould poſſeſſe the Manſion of his pate:
But at the laſt, to end this great debate:
Admired learning tooke his heads poſſeſſion.
And turnd his wit a wandring in progreſſion.

But

But Minyon *Muſe*, hold, whether wilt thou goe,
Thinkſt thou his rare anotomy to ſhew,
None borne a *Chriſtian*, *Turke*, nor yet in *Tartary*
Can write each veyne, each ſinew, and each artery.
His eyes and eares like broakers by extortion
Ingroſt ſtrange forraine manners and proportion
But what his eyes and eares did ſee or heare,
His tongue or pen diſchargd the reckoning cleare.
That ſure I thinke, he well could proue by law,
He vttered more then ere he heard or ſaw.
His tongue and hands haue truly paid their ſcore,
And freely ſpent what they receau d and more.
But lord to ſee, how farre oreſhot am I
To wade thus deepe in his Anotomy.
What now he is Ile lightly ouerpaſſe,
Ile only write in part, but what he was:
That as Grim Death our pleaſures thus hath croſt,
Tis good, becauſe he's gon, to know whats loſt.

## *Odcombs Compl.int.*

HEe wa: the Imp, whilſt he on earth ſuruiu'd,
From whom this weſt-worlds paſtimes were deriu'd,
He was in Citty, Country, feild, and Court
The VVell of dry braind Ieſts, and Pump of ſport.
He was the treaſure-houſe of wrinckled laughter,
Where melancholy moode: are put to ſlaughter:
And in a word he was a man mongſt many,
That neuer yet was parraleld by any,
Who now like him in ſpite of wind and weather,
Will weare one ſhirtleſſe ſhirt 5. months together?
Who now to doe his natiue country grace,
Will for a Trophee execute his caſe?
VVho now will take the height of euery *Gallowes*?
Or who le deſcribe the ſigne of euery *Alehowſe*?
Whether his *Hoſt* were bigg, or ſhort, or tall
And whether he did knock ere he did call:
The color of his *Hoſt* and *Hoſteſſe* hare?
VVhat he bought cheap, & what he paid for deare:
For veale or mutton what he paid a ioynt,
VVhere he ſate down, and where he looſd a poynt.

Each

Each Tower, each Turret, and each lofty ſteeple,
VVho now (like him) wil tel the vulgar people?
VVho now wil ſet a worke ſo many writers,
As he hath done in ſpight of his back-biters
VVith *Panegericks*, *Anagrams Acroſticks*,
T'emblazon him the cheife among fantaſticks?
Alas not one not one aliue doth liue,
That to the world can ſuch contentment giue,
Should Poets ſtretch their Muſes on the rack,
And ſtudy till their *percranions* crack.
Shou'd poor-backt rotting Trauelours intend,
To match his trauailes, all were to no end.
Let Poets write their beſt, and Trotters run,
They nere ſhall write nor run as he hath don.

---

But *Neptune* and great *Æolus* contending
Gainſt one another all their forces bending,
VVhich of them ſoon'ſt ſhould rob the happy earth
Of this rare man of men, this map of mirth.

And

And like two enuious great ambitious Lords,
They fell at deepe and dangerous diſcords;
The ſea-god with his three tin'd angry Rod com,
And ſwore by *Stix* he would haue *Tom* of *Odcomb*.
With that, ſterne *Eole* blew a boiſterous blaſt,
And in his rage did guſts and tempeſts caſt
In ſhowring volleyes at fierce *Neptunes* head:
Who like a valiant Champion ſcorning dread,
Gaue blow for blow with his commanding Mace,
And ſpitting ſtormes in ſpightfull *Æols* face,
That golden *Titan* hid his gliſtering ray,
As feating to behold this horrid fray.
*Cimerian* darknes curtain'd all the world,
An Ebon Mantle ore the Globe was hurld,
The wallowing waues turmoild the reſtleſſe ſhips,
Like School boies ſhuttlecocks that leaps & skips,
The Top-maſt ſeems to play with *Phœbus* noſe,
Strait downe toward *Erebus* amaine ſhe goes:
Blow wind, quoth *Neptune*, til thy entrails breake,
Againſt my force thy force ſhall be too weake:

Then

Then like two fooles at variance for a trifle,
They split the ship, they enter and they rifle.
Like curſed Law-wormes, enuious and cruell,
Striuing to ſeaze the peerleſſe matchleſſe Iewell,
Whil'ſt *Æol* ſought aboue the skies to crown him;
Blew-bearded *Neptune* in his arms did drown him.
The Wind-god ſees the prize and battel loſt,
Blowes, ſtorms, and rages to be curb'd and croſt,
And vow'd to rowze great *Neptune* in his Court,
And in his teeth his iniury retort:
Then he commands retreat to all his forces;
Who riding ſundry waies on winged horſes,
Bigge *Boreas* to the freezing North went puffing,
And ſlauering *Auſter*, to the *South* went huffing,
*Eurus* went Eaſt, and *Zephyrus* went Weſt,
And thus the warres of windes and ſeas did reſt.

---

AND now dame *Thetis* in thy vaſty womb,
Is odd Odcombians *Coriats* timeleſs Toomb,

Where *Nayads*, *Driads*, and ſweet ſea-nimphs tend
And with their daily ſeruice do befriend him, (him,
There al-ſhap'd *Proteus* and ſhril trumping *Triton*
And many more, which I can hardly write on,
As if it were the thing they glory at,
In ſeruile troopes they waite on *Coriat*,
That though like hel, the ſea were far more dark as
Yet theſe would guard his vnreguarded carkaſſe.
You *Academick*, *Latine*, *Greeke Magiſters*,
You of-ſprings of the three times treble Siſters,
Write, ſtudy, teach vntil your tongs haue bliſters.
For, now the *Haddocks*, and the ſhifting *Sharks*,
That feed on *Coriat*, will become great Clarks:
The wri-mouth'd *Place* & mumping *whiting-mop*
Within their mawes keep *Greeke* and *Latine* ſhops,
The Pork-like *Porpoſe*; *Thorn-back*, and the *Scate*
Like ſtudious *Grecian Latiniſts* will prate,
And men with eating them, by inſpiration,
With theſe two tongues,
ſhall fill each barbarous Nation.

Then

Then, though the Sea hath rudely him bereft vs;
Yet, midſt our woes, this onely comforts left vs,
That our poſterities by eating fiſhes,
Shall pick his wiſdome out of diuers diſhes;
And then (no doubt) but thouſands more will be
As learned, or perhaps all as wiſe-men as he:
But to conclude, affection makes me cry,
Sorrow prouokes me ſleep, griefe dries mine eye.

# EPITAPH in the *Barmooda* tongue, which must be pronounced *with the accent of the grunting* of a hogge.

HOugh gruntough wough Thomough
Coziatough, Odcough robunquogh,
Warawogh bogh Comitogh
segh wogh termanatogrogh,
Callimogh gogh whobogh Raga-
mogh demagozgoh palemogh,
Lomerogh nogh Tottertogh ille-
moztogh eagh Allaquemquogh,
Teracominogh Jagogh Jamerogh
mogh Carnogh pelepsogh,
Animogh trogh deradzogh maramogh
hogh Flondzogh calepsogh.

Epitaph

# Epitaph in the *Vtopian* tongue.

*(buraſhte,*

*NOrtumblum callimũquaſh omyſtoliton quaſhte*
*Scribuke woſhtay ſoluſbay perambulatuſhte;*
*Grekay ſons Turkay Paphay zums Ieruſaluſhte.*
*Neptus eſht Ealors Interremoy diz. Doloruſhte,*
*Confahuloy Odcombay Prozeugmollitõ tymorumynoy;*
*Omulos oratuſhte paraleſcus tolliton vmbroy.*

The ſame in Engliſh, tranſlated by
Caleb Quiſhquaſh, *an Vtopian borne*
and principall Secretary to the great
*Adelantado of Barmoodoes.*

HEre lies the wonder of the Engliſh Nation,
Inuolv'd in *Neptunes* briniſh vaſty maw:
For fruitleſſe trauell, and for ſtrange relation,
He paſt and repaſt all that ere eye ſaw.
*Odcomb* produc'd him; many Nations fed him,
And worlds of Writers, through the world haue (ſpred him.

FINIS.

# Certaine Sonnets, in prayſe of Mr. *Thomas* the deceaſed; faſhioned *of diuers ſtuffs, as mockado, fuſtian, ſtand-further off*, and *Motly*, all which the Author *dedicates to the immortall memory of the famous Odcombian traueller.*

---

COnglomerating *Aiax*, in a fogge
Conſtulted with *Ixion* for a tripe,
At which *Gargantua* tooke an Iriſh bogge,
And with the ſame ga e *Siſiphus* a ſtripe.
That all the bumbaſt forreſts gan to ſwell,
With Triple treble trouble and with ioy,
That *Lucifer* kept holiday in hell,
Cauſe *Cupid* would no more be cald a boy.
Delucitating *Flora's* painted hide,
Redeemes *Arion* from the hongry Wolfe,

And with conglutinating haughty pride,
Threw *Pander* in the damb'd Venetian gulfe,
The Mediterrane mountaines laught and ſmil'd,
And *Libra* wandred in the woods ſo wild.
Bright *Caſsia Fiſtula* was wondrous ſad,
To heare *Zarzaparillas* great miſ-hap,
And *Coloquintida* was raging mad
When *Saxafrage* was ſet in *Rubarbs* lap;
Dame *Lickoriſh* was in a monſtrous fume,
Againſt the luſhious Reaſons of the ſunne,
And *Trinidado* ſmoake auoids the roome,
Whil'ſt *Gum-armoniack* ſweares ſhe is vndone;
*Vnguentum album* is ſo pale and wan
That *Paracelſus* plaiſter mournes in black,
The ſpaniſh *Eleborus* ſtrongly can
Make *Lignum vita's* hide with neeſing crack:
Lo, thus with vnguents, plaiſters, oyles, & drugge
We coniure vp the fierce infernall bugges.

The headſtrong Torchlight of Cimerian waues,
VVith fiery frozen wonder leaps and vaults:
And on th' *Altantick* Ocean cuts and ſhaues,
VVhilſt thunder thwacking *Oſſa* limps and halts,
Robuſtious *Ætna* drownes the *Artick* Pole,
And forked *Vulcan* hath forſooke his forge,
*Apollo'es* piebald mare hath caſt her fole,
And *Mulley Mahomet* hath fild his gorge.
*Don Belzebub* ſits fleaing of his breech,
And Marble *Proteus* dances, leaps and skips,
*Belerophon* hath pend an excellent ſpeech,
And big-boand *Boreas* kiſt *Auroraes* lipps:
The *Welkin* rumbles; *Argos* lies a ſleepe,
And *Tantalus* hath ſlaine a flock of ſheepe.
VVhen flounder-flapping *Termagant* was ſlaine,
The ſmug-fac'd *Cerberus* did houle and yell.
And *Polyphemus* rid in *Charles* his waine,
VVhilſt *Gorgons* head rung great *Alcides* knell,
The rip-rap-riffe-raffe, thwick thwack ſtout Babo
Gripes in his downy clutch the ſpungy Oake

And Yong *Andromeda* at night rings noone,
VVhilſt *Aſdrubal* at *tick tack* loſt his cloake,
*Prometheus* couering, the *Vmbranoes* head,
And *Typhon* tumbles through the ſolide Ayre:
Proud *Pegaſus* on Cheeſe and Garlick fed,
And *Proſerpina* went to Sturbidge faire.
Pope *Hildebrand* bad *Pluto* home to ſupper,
And *Don Diegoes* horſe hath broke his crupper.
*Dick Swaſh* drew out his three pild blunted blade
And ſlaſht in twaine the equinoctiall line:
*Tom Thumb* did through th' Arabian deſerts wade,
VVhere *Caſtor* and his brother *Pollux* ſhine,
The threed bare flap-Iacks of the weſterne Iles,
Exaſperates the Marble Sithian Snow,
Dame *Venus* traueld fifty thouſand miles
To ſee the bounds of *Nilus* ebbe and flow.
The Gutmondizing Quagmires of the Eaſt,
Ingurgitates the Eremanthean Bull:
And rude rebounding *Sagittarius* Ceaſt
To pipe Leualtoes to *Gonzagues* Trull

## *Rime without Reaſon.*

The Adriatick Polcats ſate carouſing,
And hidebound *Gogmagog* his ſhirt was lowſin
Sweet *Semi-circled Cinthya* plaid at maw,
The whilſt *Endimion* ran the wild-gooſe chaſe.
Great *Bacchus* with his Croſbow kild a daw,
And ſullen Saturne ſmil'd with pleaſant face.
The ninefold Bugbeares of the Caſpian lake,
Sate whiſtling *Ebon* hornepipes to their Ducks,
*Madgh ulet* ſtraight for ioy her Girdle brake.
And rugged Satyrs friſkd like *Stagges* and *Bucks*
The vntamd tumbling fifteene footed Goat,
With promulgation of the Leſbian ſhores,
Confronted *Hydra* in a ſculler Boat,
At which the mighty mountaine *Taurus* rores
Meane time great *Sultan Soliman* was borne,
And *Atlas* blew his ruſtick tumbling horne.

IF there bee any Gentlemen, or others that are desirous to be practitioners in the *Barmoodo* and *Vtopian* tongues: the Professor (being the Author hereof) dwelleth at the olde Swanne neere London Bridge, who wil teach them (that are willing) to learne, with agilitie and facility.

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*Errata.*

READER, you must imagine these sixe confused Sonnets, *of Rime without Reason*, are confusedly put together; but I would entreate you for your better vnderstanding, to diuide them into 4 lines a peece in your reading.

FINIS.